# MIRROR

# THE AGAWAM MIRROR

## AGAWAM HIGH SCHOOL

AGAWAM MASSACHUSETTS

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AGAWAM
THE TYPICAL
NEW ENGLAND TOWN

# EDITORIALS

## CHRISTMAS 1945

As we think about Christmas this year, we realize how many reasons we have to meditate on its true meaning — the birthday of the Prince of Peace. No more do the horrors of war resound the world over. No more are our friends and brothers fighting in the foxholes of Iwo Jima, or bombing Berlin, or lying sick in prison camps, or giving their lives to win the war. At last the war is won. Now, instead of casualty lists, we see columns headed, "Army-Navy Service Separations." Once more happy families welcome home their dear ones, to share the blessings of Christmas. Even those of us who haven't been so deeply affected by the war, can't help feeling the effect of victory, here at home, as we spread our butter thicker and accustom ourselves to eating meat again. But while we are rejoicing and giving thanks for the end of the war, let us not forget the problems of peace, and the challenge the new year offers us. Especially to those of us who are about to be graduated next June, the year 1946 is the beginning of a new era, an era in which we shall learn to shoulder the burdens of our nation today and become the leaders of the world tomorrow. During this critical period, the world-wide problems of jealousy, prejudice, and unrest will have to be met, individually by each one of us, before a solution can be effected. Now that our dream of "peace on earth, good will toward men" has come true, it is up to us to prove that we can continue to live in a peaceful world.

Louise Arsenault, '46

## HOME TOWN

They are coming back. Every day we see more and more of the "old gang" back in the school corridors. These are our boys, back from the wars. They have done their jobs well, and now they are coming back to their home town and to visit again, their high school. These are the "boys" who went away — but they have come back "men." For in just a few years they have lived a lifetime of thrills and experiences. Meals from tin cans, the severe weather conditions, the frosty nights in foxholes, and the horrible sights of war will not be easily forgotten; and yet our boys lived through them, and now they are coming back. Agawam is proud of its courageous sons, and they in turn, are proud of Agawam. But in our joy of welcoming back our boys, we should not forget the even greater heroes who can never return. They gave their lives for America and especially for Agawam. Are we helping to make our school and town worthy of their sacrifice?

Ramona Davis, '47

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## CHRISTMAS HYMN

Long ago a star shone bright
O'er an inn at Bethlehem
On a clear, cold, wintry night,
Angels sang a joyous hymn;
Shepherds came from far away
Bringing gifts of spices rare
To Baby Jesus, where He lay
In His lowly manger there.

Geraldine Hauff, '46

## WHAT MAKES A GOOD FOOTBALL TEAM?

What makes a good football team is a question of much discussion.

In my opinion the important qualifications for a good team are unity, ability, intelligence, spirit, and capable coaching. The members must work together, not for the glory of the individual, but for the glory of the team. If the players are trying to make themselves individual stars, they will be a liability to the team because they will not be working as a unit. Full cooperation is absolutely necessary to the success of any group.

Ability does not necessarily mean that a player has to be big, strong, and powerful. He has to be able to stick to the end. He has to work as hard in practice as in game. The players do not have to be big to be good. They have to be smart, quick-thinking and fast running boys. The whole idea is to outsmart the other team by beating it to the punch.

The most important factor, I believe, is spirit. A team cannot win many games without any enthusiasm. If the boys are on the losing end, they should not give up until the finish. There are many teams with unity, intelligence, and ability, but they do not turn out winners because they lack determination to win. The coach has much to do with this spirit. He must know each player personally and be able to choose the correct spot for each man.

I feel that a team that meets these requirements should turn out top notch.

Walter Drewnowski, '46

## HOW TO FLY A KITE

To fly a kite is not very difficult. You need only the kite and string. You now wait for a nice windy day. Then you let the kite go into the air slowly by unreeling the string. This operation seems comparatively simple, and it is very simple when you have the wind.

That is the way of life. You may have all the necessary requirements but sometimes you don't have the power to push you.

Education is founded on that principle. The schools give you the necessary facts, but you have to supply the force to push yourself up. As long as that determination is present, you'll stay there; but the first time you stop giving yourself the push that you need, you will go into the depths of insecurity. Education is something people can help you with, but you are the only one who can acquire it.

Joseph Nacewicz, '46

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## SOILLESS GARDENING

With this new age of invention has come a fascinating discovery, the science of Hydroponics. Man has been trying to substitute chemicals in place of soil in growing plants, but only in the last ten years has this been done successfully. Now, almost any type of plant may be grown, entirely without the use of soil.

An interesting experiment may be performed by anyone. By filling a window box with water, and adding the right amounts of calcium phosphate, magnesium sulphate, and potassium nitrate, you may grow almost any fruit or vegetable.

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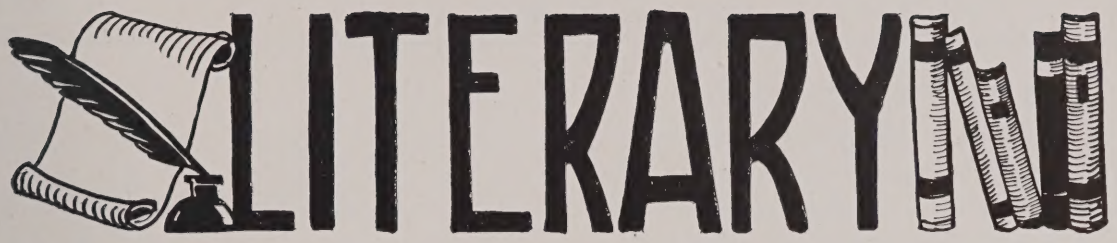


## A DEPARTURE

The cold January wind cooled off my hot and tear-filled eyes, as I stood by the over-shined black coach. The horses, their manes beautifully brushed, kicked at the frozen ground, impatiently waiting for the other three members of my family. Everybody was well-dressed. It wasn't a funeral, but it seemed like one to me. This would be the last time I would see the relatives, friends, and neighbors, who were gathered to say good-bye to us. My family and I were moving from our little village, to a far and distant place, called the United States. As I looked longingly at my old home, many sweet memories came to my mind, of the years I had lived there. I knew that I would miss good little Elsie, with whom I walked to and from school picking the *blavatki, konkole, stokrotki,* and other wild flowers, which grew so plentifully everywhere. I thought that nowhere in the new world would I see anything so beautiful as the bright red poppies among the golden wheatfields. I looked dolefully at my pet lamb who followed me around faithfully all day as if he knew I would never give him pieces of bread again or take him for a walk in the sweet-smelling clover. Now I would have to leave him too. "I'll come back to this village again and relive a few of the sweet moments with these good neighbors and friends, who came to see us off," I resolved.

Suddenly as through a mist, I heard the sweet and haunting melody of a violin playing a sentimental song, "Goralu Czy Ci Nie Zal?" Somehow music like that just didn't seem right for this already mournful occasion. That perhaps was what caused my older sister, and my brother, to come out sooner than they were expected as they didn't want their uncontrolled tears to be seen. My mother and helpful Uncle Jan followed the children to the coach with the last few trunks.

At last the farewells were said, and finally we were started on our long journey. My brother climbed in with Uncle Jan who was driving us to the station. My mother and sister, and I huddled in the back, our scarfs, blankets, and warm clothes scanty protection against the nip of a below zero temperature.

As we passed the familiar roads, we spoke very little. Each one of us was thinking of the past and of what the future was going to be in this new land about which we had dreamed so long. My sister commented on how nice it was to slide all the way to school on skis or on a sled. Uncle Jan put her mind at ease when he said that in the United States we would have not only sleds but bicycles and busses to ride on to school. My brother's outward appearance seemed to give us the impression that this adventure of moving didn't affect him. Mother was quite happy about moving to this new land. She said to us,

(Continued on Page Twenty-Two)

## AGAWAM TOWN CEMETERY

Up on Federal Hill is situated the old, forgotten Agawam Town Cemetery. Perhaps one of the oldest of Agawam landmarks, its stone memorials date back to 1736, and possibly earlier. Set back from the road, screened by wild sumac and tall grass, and enclosed by an ancient, white picket fence, it undoubtedly escapes the notice of one unfamiliar with the site. However, those who have wandered in through its open gate have viewed much the same scene as did those early settlers, when it marked the center of tiny Agawam village.

Almost directly in the heart of its plot stands a gnarled old oak, wind-lashed and sun-dried, that has looked down from its lofty limbs for these past long years, to the ever increasing graves beneath it — graves marked with heavy, thick, rust-brown stones. Many bear verses that were said to have been the vogue in the latter 1700's. One such inscription is this:

"Behold and see as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I now am, So must you be;
Prepare for death, and follow me."

That in many instances death occurred between the ages of one to thirty years seems indicative of the fact that the life-span of our ancestors was considerably less than ours. Another time-worn writing stated that:

"She like a flower was cut down,
Death nipt her in the prime,
That we might seeth vanity
And shortness of our time."

In the quiet of the evening, when the last crow has flown to his perch high up in the singing pines, the twentieth century whirl seems lost and out of place in these tranquil and ageless surroundings.

Evelyn Peterson, '46

# A G A

## Its Roots Are

### LOOKING BACKWARD

One spring day in the year 1660, two men, Thomas Cooper and Abel Leonard, started out from the vicinity of what is now Hartford, Connecticut, with their families and friends, looking for a better place for building homes, grazing their cattle, and growing crops. After traveling along the Connecticut River for about thirty-six miles, they arrived at the mouth of a river which flows into the Connecticut. It was here that they decided to settle, for very fertile lands were found here. But this first settlement was temporary, for the Indians told them that the meadows they were on flooded over each year.

Therefore, Cooper and Leonard moved to higher grounds on both sides of the Connecticut River. Then they started the building of homes and farms, using cut logs and other near-at-hand resources. Because they had first settled on the meadows, they called their settlement after the Indian name of meadows—Agawam. As the settlement on the East bank of the river was rather isolated from the rest of the settlement, this part was called Springfield.

As more people came to Agawam from up the Connecticut River, the town expanded greatly, eventually, being divided into three sectors: Agawam Center, North Agawam, and Feeding Hills, so named because the first farmers grazed their cattle and horses here. Of the many homes built

# W A M

## In The Past

then in Agawam, one still stands on Suffield street, a relic of early buildings. As social life developed, a need was seen for a church. Finally, in 1819, a church was brought completely intact from Suffield, Connecticut, on a sturdy wagon drawn by four teams of horses. This church, still standing after so many years, is called the Agawam Congregational Church.

Agawam has expanded greatly from the first few homes of these early pioneers. We should indeed be proud of the ingenuity of these early farmers, the pioneers who started one of the first towns in Massachusetts.

Laurance Andrews, '48

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### THE CAPTAIN CHARLES LEONARD HOUSE

The Captain Charles Leonard House, with its large columns and fan-shaped window over the doors, was built in 1805. This old house was used as a tavern. The people passing through Agawam from Hartford and going to Northampton ate here and changed horses. There is a large hall upstairs, formerly used for square dances. The house is named for Captain Charles Leonard, who served in the Revolutionary War. Now this old house has been remodeled and is used as a Community House, where people dance and have parties.

Virginia Kibbe, '48

### MY TOWN

I've seen it in its springtime glory with blossoming trees, budding flowers, the lofty Provin Mountains, and the endless chattering of sparrows and robins amidst the whispering woods. I've watched the familiar scene of cattle grazing on its green pastures and drinking from the cool brooks.

I've seen it under a dazzling white blanket which enveloped the desolate homesteads, snow-topped hills, ice-covered ponds. In nature's madness this view has been whipped up by the raging winds and lashing rains.

I've seen and loved every phase of its life for it isn't merely Agawam; to me it is a symbol of peace. It is my town. Here is my home, my family, and my friends.

I was born in Agawam and my childhood days were spent coasting on the snow-topped hills of the Feeding Hills Country Club, skating on its ice-covered ponds, riding my bicycle over the country roads, swimming in the ponds of Robinson Park, and fishing, unsuccessfully, in the brooks near my home. The local schools have been my schools; its students, my friends.

I often wonder if years ago when Agawam was but shrubs and ruts, the Indians ever thought of it as I do now; for they turned to its wild life for food, to its woods for comfort, to its sun for warmth. It was their home as it is mine.

Agawam is but a typical New England town, but to me, it is a haven away from the turmoil and confusion of the passing world.

Catherine Manos, '47

### PROGRESS IN AVIATION

There has been a long jump in airplane designing from 1900 to 1945. In the nineteenth century, the only plane that could leave the ground was a glider. The first heavier-than-air craft to fly was made by the Wright brothers in 1903. This plane had no landing gear or cockpit. It was just a motor set on a frame with double-wings and a tail. But this was the beginning of all the new designs of airplanes to come.

Then the planes began taking a better shape, and the cockpit was enclosed. Powerful motors were put in, and pusher type planes became popular. These planes had the engine on back with the propellor turning so as to push the plane. These soon became obsolete, and the forward pull engines were restored.

The First World War brought about changes in the body and landing gear, for before this many planes had peculiar shapes. Wheels were used, and the whole plane was covered with metal. Protective metals were put around the cockpit for the pilot's safety, and guns were installed. The landing gear was stationary, and the use of rubber tires helped landings. Designing planes was now an industry, and streamlined planes began to fly. This streamlining gave speed to the plane, and the low wing monoplanes had much better maneuverability. That is they could climb, turn, and dive better.

Now the Second World War started. One-, two-, and even four-motored bombers were designed. They travelled long distances with a heavy load of bombs. Then came the rocket planes, invented by the Germans. We think the greatest of all planes is the American "Shooting Star," which is driven through the air at 550 M.P.H. by jet-propulsion. The air world, as called, has seen many fast planes, but they cannot compare with those to come. There will be stratosphere liners, that travel so high and fast that there will be no part of the world more than eight hours away.

Ernest Megazzini, '48

# A G A

## Its Future Looks

### MY VISIT TO WESTOVER FIELD

The most interesting day of my vacation was on the twenty-eighth birthday of the Army Air Corps when Westover Field was opened at 1.00 o'clock, there was a scramble for the runways. The first plane I came to was a B-24, four motored bomber, which seemed to look much smaller on the ground than in the air. This plane is very cramped for space, the pilot and co-pilot being the only ones who have a comfortable position. I was too tall to fit in the nose turret. The next plane on the line was a P-47 Thunderbolt which was painted with black and white squares and a big red "Achtung" on the rudder. All over this vast field there were many interesting sights. Besides planes of all kinds there were many other displays of Air Corps equipment. The B-24's taking off and landing was a very impressive sight. I had been to Westover three years before when my uncle was surveying the runways. It has grown from woods and tobacco fields to a large airfield that now reminds one of a small city.

Earl Wood, '48

# W A M

## To The Skies

### FLYING A PLANE

I have never taken real flying lessons, but I have flown a plane for a few minutes. It was during the summer vacation at Bowles Agawam Airport, where I went for my first, but not last, ride with Harry, one of the pilots.

I had always wanted to fly a plane, but didn't think I would, until one day I saw planes taking off and landing on the field which is not far from my house.

One day after work my brother and I went over and asked for a ride. The first ride was a nice, easy, level flight. After that ride I went to the field every day. Soon the pilots were getting to know me and gave me longer rides. One pilot, Charlie, was very friendly and did a "stall" for me. At first I thought my stomach had fallen through the roof. After two or three of these stunts I had gotten used to them, and they didn't bother me.

The most fun of all was when Charlie let me handle the plane myself. I eased back on the stick and started a slight climb, then I pushed forward on the stick and started descending. I did this for a few minutes until Charlie took over the controls and flew back to the field.

I went up several times, and each time was more exciting than the last. In the future I hope to fly more and eventually to own a plane of my own.

Donald Lunden, '48

### FIRST AND LAST FLIGHT

The new airplane sat on the run-way prior to its test flight. It was a trim little ship, neatly painted in a deep red, not quite maroon. At last the pilot was ready. First he warmed up the engine. It was a small engine, but it sounded full of power and that's what the pilot wanted.

At first the plane spiralled wide circles and then it began to rise in tighter circles. Finally, it began to go straight up.

Other planes were warming up. A dark green ship kept trying to take off, but just as it got away from the ground, its engine stopped. A little yellow plane had better luck and flew away into the blue. Other pilots brought their ships out of the hangar, and began to warm up the engines.

The plane making its test flight was now diving earthward with a thundering roar. One wing was almost torn from the body. As the spectators looked skyward, their mouths popped open. Faster than the blinking of an eye-lash it crashed! No one of the spectators seemed worried about the pilot. Why should they? The pilot was on the ground, and the planes were only models.

Alvord Hutchinson, '46

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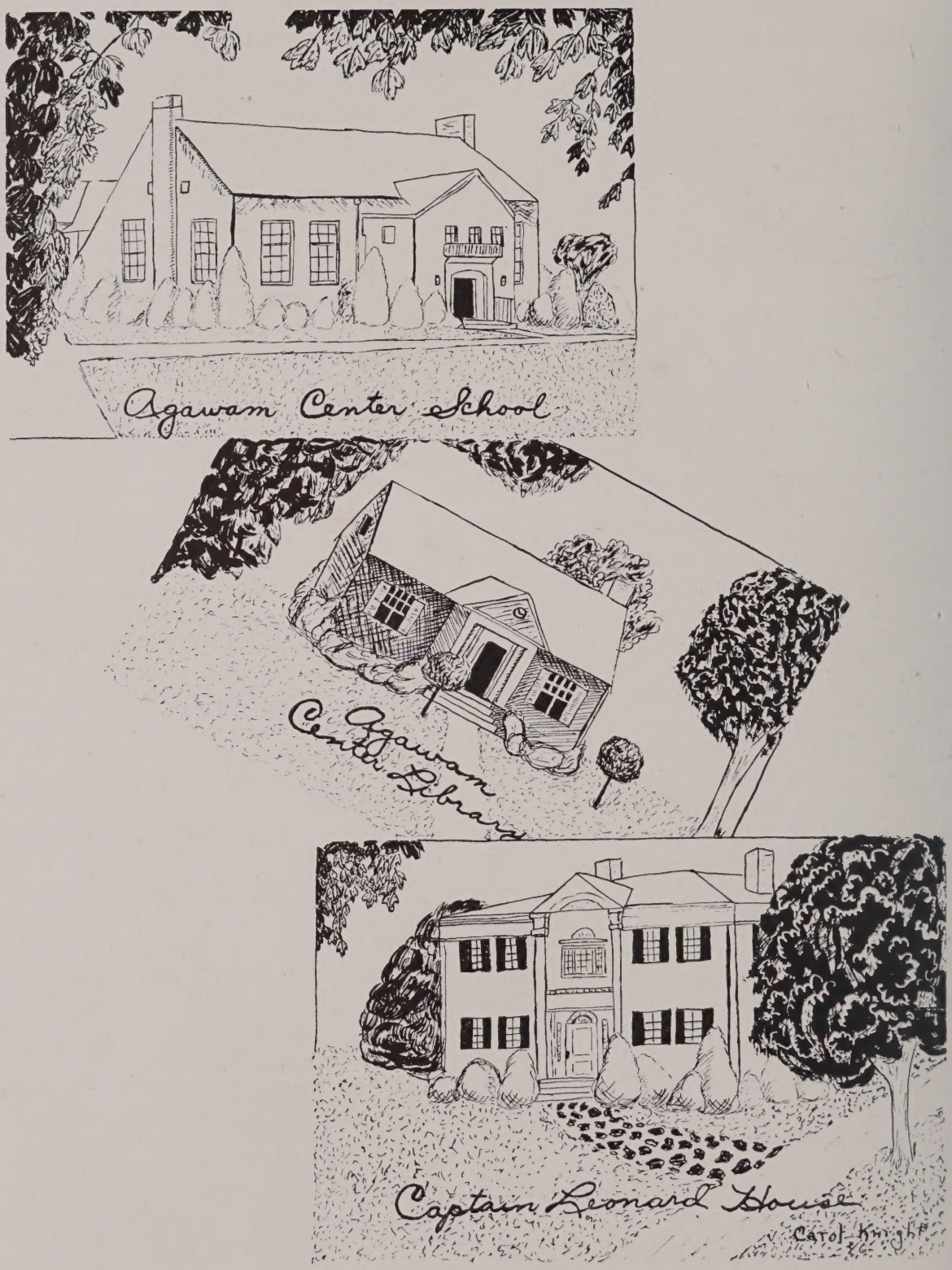
### AIR EXPERIENCE

I have an opportunity to go to Bowles Agawam Airport frequently, for I live a short distance from there. I became acquainted with the pilots and acquired enough courage and money to go for a plane ride one Sunday.

The ride was in a Piper Cub Cruiser. I soon became interested in flying, so I started to go there often and soon became even more interested. I longed for more rides and got them, two in the Piper Cub Cruiser and two in a one-passenger Piper Cub.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)


Agawam Center School
Agawam Center Library
Captain Leonard House
Carol Knight

## MY FAVORITE SPOT

Tall, lofty oak trees cluster over the top of a high knoll overlooking the Agawam Meadows to form what is to me the nicest place one could ever hope to be on a long hot summer day. Frequently throughout the summer I often found my way there and with my back against an aged gnarled stump, and with a good book in my lap, I would pass the time of day in a most enjoyable manner. An opening in the foliage permits one to see on the left a long section of the clear blue Agawam river. Snow-white gulls glide and weave over this ribbon of water to create a hazy picture of beauty. In view on the right are the farthest stretches of the meadows where squirrels and pheasants supposedly abound in plenty. Often as I sat there admiring this panorama, a frisking grey squirrel would scamper up one of the nearby oaks and it would be my opportunity to watch its antics for several moments. I am sure that should anyone ever approach *my spot* they would appreciate its quiet beauty as much as I do.

Duane Patch, '47

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## OUR LITTLE FARM

Our little farm is located a short distance from Agawam Center. It consists mostly of livestock and some farm produce. Nearly every one of our animals has a name or nickname. Penthelope and Pesistratus are our two pigs, who live in a pen, which is located within the chicken pen. We also have Peter and Pollyanna, who have a very large family of rabbits. It is truly a remarkable sight to see them clean themselves and talk to each other. Timothy is one of our capons; the other distinguished one has the name of "One-eye." This capon was born with only one eye and consequently can only look one way at a time. There are only two swarms of bees, and usually that is one place that people or children don't linger around very often. Although we have no names for our turkeys, we like to tease them. When they get really angry, their heads turn red and purple, and to show off they strut. Rebecca is my lamb, who used to drink with a nipple. Nathaniel, our baby beef, loves to lick people to show his affection. Unhappily at the end of the year we usually butcher off the beef and lamb, but the next year we start all over again to find names for our new animals.

Marion Hall, '48

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## HORSEBACK RIDING

"Horseback riding — ah yes; a wonderful way to spend a peaceful, relaxing hour," you say. That's right. *You* say it. I don't. Sniper, a spirited colt, and I aren't on very good terms now because of something that happened. Of course, it was all his fault. We were cantering down a dirt road. How was I to know that there was a path branching off? Sniper swerved, and I turned a perfect somersault over his head. Stars flew, and stable Mother Earth didn't seem so stable all at once. When my vision cleared, I looked up into Sniper's eyes. He just stood there glaring, as if to say, "Hey, what are you doing? You aren't supposed to be down there!" Well, maybe I wasn't, but I figured it was a lot safer with both feet on the ground instead of in stirrups. I staggered up and, catching the rein, limped back to the livery stables. All right, *now* try to say that horseback riding is "a wonderful way to spend a peaceful, relaxing hour." As you can see, I have a very good reason for not agreeing.

Norma Wylie, '48

## MY ADVENTURE

I went to Dick's house one day during my vacation and discovered he had just come back from an airplane ride. He said he went to the airport where the dog races were held and that the ride cost him two dollars. I had just two dollars and fifty cents, so I went to the airport the next morning and was the first one there. The man decided to take me up in the orange Piper Cub.

He taxied out of the hangar. I got in, and we took off. It was fun to see the ground whizzing underneath me as if I were flying on a magic carpet. Then things on the ground began to get smaller and finally people were like midgets walking around. We circled around a couple of times. Now the roads underneath us looked like a twisted tape and Springfield like a toy town.

Then we circled around once more and landed. I didn't think we had touched the ground when the plane stopped in front of the hangar. I got out and the pilot stopped the engine. Giving him the two dollars for the ride, I came home. With the fifty cents that remained, I went to Springfield the next day and bought a paper cub model.

David Mac Phail, '51

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## AIR EXPERIENCE

(Continued from Page Eleven)

My first ride was very different from what I had expected. You don't realize how high you are. The ground looks as if it were standing still and the land is in little green and brown patches. The houses look like doll houses; the cattle, like chickens. When you look down at the wheels and see the small wing, you wonder how it stays in the air. Flying is a thrilling experience.

Richard Lunden, '51

## I GO TO WEST POINT

This summer, as one of 300 air scouts representing New England and New York, I visited Stewart Field, the "Wings of West Point."

Every day we had classes in weather, radio, navigation, and various other subjects dealing with flying. In one of our classes we flew in an A-T 6, a trainer, over the Hudson River and over West Point. The proudest five minutes of life were those during which I was allowed to pilot the plane as we soared over the Hudson River and valleys below.

During our stay at Stewart Field we visited West Point. One of the best buildings in the campus was the horse stables. This huge building was built like a fort out of huge bricks overlooking the Hudson River. Inside the building was a kind of colosseum where the cadets practice riding the horses. Charles Gonet, '48

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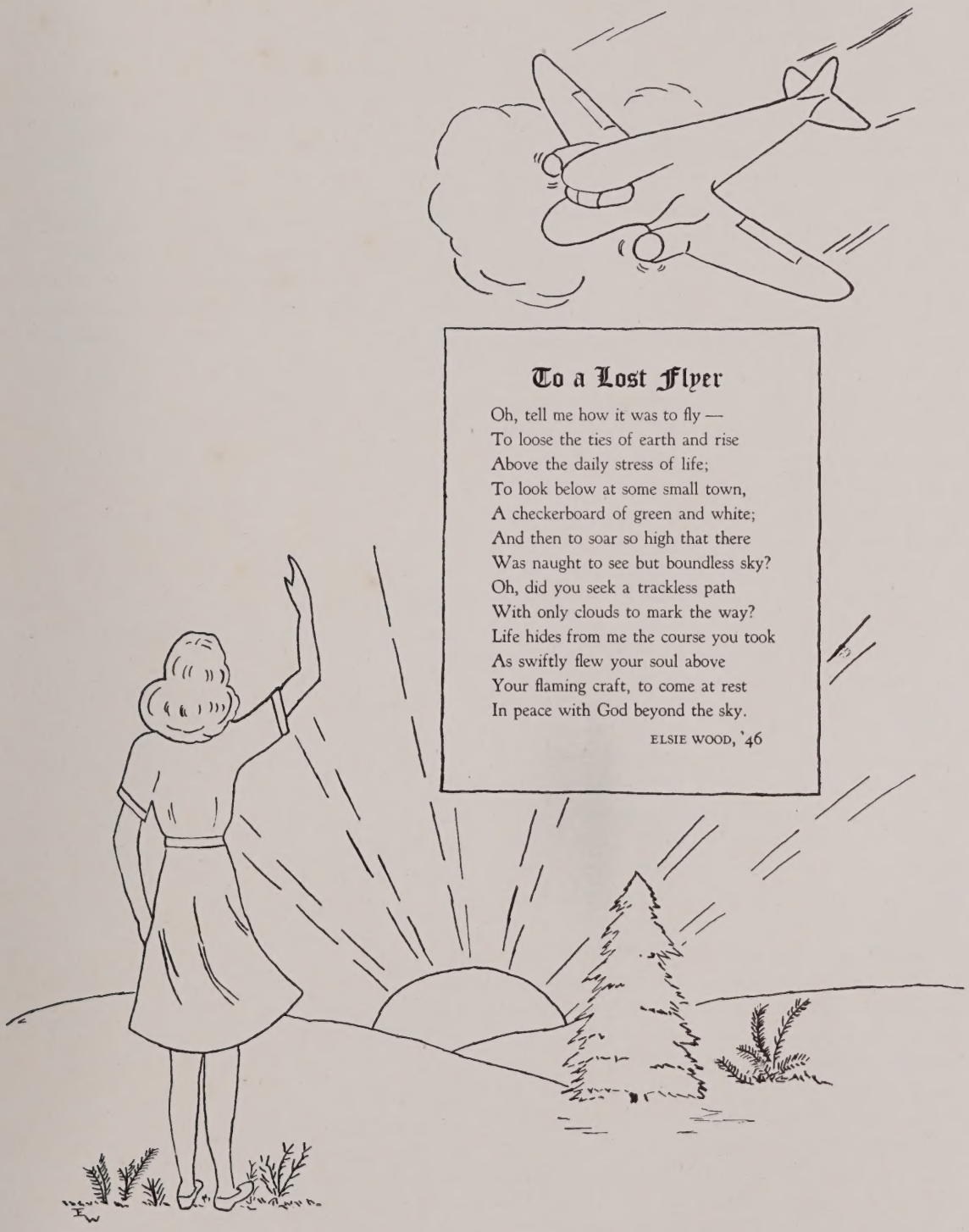
## MODEL PLANES

Building model planes is a very enjoyable and instructive hobby. A comet is a speed-o-matic model of the E9 helicopter which was very easily and simply built in one week. Comet models are best because they are strong and durable. Among the other models I have made are the Piper Cero, Seversky Pursuit, Jap Zero, Spitfire, Mustang, Curtiss P-40. The Spitfire is the finest one. It has a motor, landing wheels, cannons, camouflage colors, and a radio aerial. It flies well and goes about 30 feet with a fuel wind.

My Jap Zero was the most difficult to build. This plane has a motor, ailerons are on the wings, and it takes off from the ground with ease. I have also a very realistic cabin on this plane which adds to the detail.

Making airplane models is a good hobby.

Peter Draghetti, '51



## To a Lost Flyer

Oh, tell me how it was to fly —
To loose the ties of earth and rise
Above the daily stress of life;
To look below at some small town,
A checkerboard of green and white;
And then to soar so high that there
Was naught to see but boundless sky?
Oh, did you seek a trackless path
With only clouds to mark the way?
Life hides from me the course you took
As swiftly flew your soul above
Your flaming craft, to come at rest
In peace with God beyond the sky.

ELSIE WOOD, '46

## SOILLESS GARDENING

(Continued from Page Six)

Last summer, I tried experimenting with raising tomato plants, without using soil. First, I took three tomato seedlings, and placed them in a tank containing the basic formula solution. Each week, I noticed the growth of the plants, until I had six ripe tomatoes.

Some examples of where Hydroponics has proved useful is on shipboard, and in the Philippines. The U. S. Government sends kits to servicemen with instructions on how to use soilless gardening.

An excellent reference to this subject is Professor W. F. Gericke's book, "Soilless Gardening."

Someday, every family may be able to provide their vegetables by the use of Hydroponics.

Joseph Tangocci, '46

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## FUTURE SKYWAYS

Tomorrow's world will have wings. Aviation will open new fields in science, engineering, exploration, and international commerce in the future as it has in this past war period. The foremost advantage of air travel is speed. No locality on the earth's vast surface will be over three days' flying time from one's own doorstep. While air travel may be quite some years in meeting the present-day rates of railroad travel, it will be a farther reaching, more comfortable method of transportation, and equally safe. Not only will corporations become air-minded in the commercial field of aviation, but Citizen John Public will have a chance to fly on his own. Although it may be a long time in coming, there eventually will be private aircraft placed on the market priced to meet the demands of the private citizen.

Teaching the public to fly does not in itself present too great a problem. It is true that the present-day prices for flying lessons are too high for the average person, but with forthcoming aviation the rate will inevitably be lowered to meet the demand of the public.

While flying an airplane is quite different from driving a car, with efficient instruction and sufficient practice anyone from six to sixty may become a pilot of the future skyways. Yes, tomorrow's world will indeed have wings.

John McQuesten, '47

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## HIS RETURN

That dreadful war is over;
The guns will sound no more.
Johnny will be returning
To the things he was fighting for;

To the job he left in the factory
Or maybe back to school,
To the land where all are striving
To abide by the Golden Rule;

To the girl he left behind him
Who has been waiting all the while
'Till the day he'd ring her doorbell
And flash his beaming smile;

To those who love him most of all,
His faithful Mom and Dad,
Who hoped and prayed for the return
Of their son in khaki clad.

He'll be here almost anytime,
This son of liberty;
Let's keep the peace and freedom
He gained for you and me.

Phyllis Campbell, '46

# Christmas Spirit

### LES ENFANTS À NOEL

Les enfants sont heureux,
Le père Noel est venu.
L'arbre est si radieux
Qu'ils chantent et dansent et jouent.

La fille veut une poupée,
Le fils veut des tableaux.
Ils ne veulent pas manger
Mais ils chantent et dansent et jouent.

Les étoiles brillent si clair,
Les cieux sont très beaux.
Ils prient à leur Père
Puis ils chantent et dansent et jouent.

Phyllis Campbell, '46

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### A G. I. REMEMBERS

Hanging his stockings on Christmas Eve,
Dreaming of Santa in whom he believed.

Opening his gifts on Christmas Day
Left by Santa in his magic sleigh.

Dreaming of home and friends so dear,
Wishing their voices he could hear.

Hoping soon he may get home,
And never again far will he roam. . . .

Romola Tangocci, '48

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### WINTER NIGHT

There is snow upon the hills,
    There is snow upon the town,
And the beautiful silvery moonbeams
    Are constantly streaming down.

Moonbeams reflect upon the snow,
    And light up the country 'round
They shine through the frosty window
    With never the slightest sound.

Esther Campbell, '50

### THE CHRISTMAS STAR

A single star shone in the sky
The night was calm; the breezes still —
The shadow of a kneeling boy
Was seen upon a neighboring hill.

His clothes were few, and old, and tattered
And yet he knelt upon the freezing snow,
For loving Christ was all that mattered.
He thanked the Lord for all his gifts —

When slowly, softly, that single star
Came right above the boy, and shed
Its wondrous powers that came from far
Upon his bare unknowing head.

Arden Tinti, '48

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### MEMORIES

How soon time dismisses
Our childhood pleasures
Pushing them out of sight
And beyond reach,
To be relived
Only through another child's joy.

Our surging childhood memories,
Groping for passage
Back to the present world,
Are never reborn
Remaining forever
Silent in time's eternal darkness.

Patricia Bodurtha, '46

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### THE WIND

The wind
Was stealing through
The piles of tired leaves,
It picked them up and tossed them down
And then it laughed and danced,
And skipped away
With glee.

Arden Tinti, '48

"KILLERS ALL"

The book, *Killers All,* is an excellent example of that adage — "Truth is stranger than fiction."

For twenty-six years Commander Attilo Gatti trudged and explored the dark mysterious jungles of central Africa, and when he came back, he had one of the most fascinating and gruesome tales ever told.

You will gasp with awe when you discover — how Gatti found the "Agonizing Pit of Death," a name which filled the natives with fear, dread, and silence; how he was suspended many feet in darkness into the pit at the end of a rope; how he escaped only by slaying six poisonous cobras, each with enough poison in one bite to kill six men and with strength enough to crush ten men.

You will call this book unbelievable and fantastic, when you read how the author solved the mystery of the disappearing village and its native occupants, which were the victims of a poison arrow-shooting secret society, whose members were recognized by their scarred stomachs as a result of being slit open and filled with leaves.

Other unbelievable incidents are related such as the description of his rescue from a wounded raging bull elephant, which only a few weeks before had gored and crushed his best friend to death; the experience of having a huge eight-foot, seven-hundred pound, charging gorilla, the largest ever captured, coming at him and then to escape; the actual thrill of being stranded in the middle of an open prairie with a broken leg and a stampeded herd of antelope coming at him with express-train speed only to remember a simple habit of the antelope, thereby saving himself.

# ON OUR B

To read of Attilo Gatti's matching wits with a crafty witch-doctor and his weird magic, and of his witnessing the forbidden rituals of war-maddened African natives is to experience a thrill which can better than equal that gained from any detective story. Henry Dickinson, '46

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MY CHINESE WIFE *Karl Eskelund*

*My Chinese Wife,* by Karl Eskelund, is a book about a Danish news correspondent, who goes to China to cover the war. During his stay with his father he meets a young Chinese girl at a college library. Her family does not approve, so he goes back to Denmark, promising to send for Chiyun as soon as he can find a job. He is sent to Finland, where he represents a New York paper. When his wife arrives, they both discover they are homesick for China. They go back to Chunking, where the China Press hires them both. Mr. Eskelund is sent to India and his wife to Hanoi. While he is in India, Chiyun scoops all press representatives with a story about the Japanese occupation of Chinese towns.

The characters are all so realistic that you feel they are in the room with you. Mr. Eskelund describes his wife, her father, the Chinese coolies and a Japanese officer with such vivid abandon that you feel you would recognize them if you saw them.

The book is on the humorous side but in a few places there are some sobering incidents, such as the strafing of a sumpan. Joyce Scoville, '48

# OOKSHELF

UP FRONT *Bill Mauldin*

Bill Mauldin, with his first book, *Up Front,* has achieved international acclaim for both his drawings and text plus the Pulitzer Prize. His book is comprised chiefly of cartoons; however, there is also a text which accompanies them. Some of the cartoons are hilariously funny, while others are desperately ironic. There is the old cavalry soldier aiming a gun at his demolished jeep; the peasant woman standing before her shattered home with her eyes showing only contempt for the weary, wayworn doughboy; or the conversation of two infantrymen when one says to the other, "He's right, Joe when we ain't fightin' we should ack like sojers."

Bill Mauldin, now twenty-three, is recognized as one of the leading artists of our times, and his drawings will no doubt last as long as history books are written. Mauldin has worked, lived, and fought with the doughboy; Mauldin is the doughboy. He knows the feeling of the front lines, he's been there and he knows that all don't come back in the same condition as they went up. Perhaps that is how one cartoon came to be titled, "Fust gimme a couple aspirin. I already got a Purple Heart." Yes, Bill Mauldin also has the Purple Heart; he was wounded while in action in Italy. No doubt Sergeant Mauldin's *Up Front* makes about as complete an infantry handbook as has ever been printed. Anyone who has not read *Up Front* has really missed one of the finest books to come out of the Second World War. Walter Haggerty, '46

ROCKNE, IDOL OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL *Robert Harron*

*Rockne, Idol of American Football,* by Robert Harron, is the story of a great man and his love for football.

This book is surely inspiring to the youth of America. Knute Rockne was a success in whatever he did, because of his dauntless spirit. He could put something across, without raising his voice. His locker room pep talks were good examples of this. He always felt that he owed something to each and every boy who played ball for him.

Both young and old will be inspired by the competitive spirit of a man who lived a lifetime in forty-three years.

Leonard Johnson, '47

* * *

TALES OF SWORDFISH AND TUNA FISHING *Zane Grey*

*Tales of Swordfish and Tuna Fishing* by Zane Grey is a book running over with details of fishing adventures in the Atlantic. One story tells of the struggle between the record-breaking swordfish and the victor, Zane Grey, a battle which was waged for over seven hours before the fish was finally gaffed.

If you should care to go with Zane Grey on this fishing trip, the colors, scenery, and exciting adventures will always be remembered. John Cesan, '48

* * *

**FOUR YEARS IN PARADISE**

OSA JOHNSON

An interesting as well as amusing book, *Four Years in Paradise,* was written by the outstanding woman explorer, Osa Johnson. This book describes the beauty, vastness, solitude, and the miracle of color and the variety of animal life which can be seen on one of the greatest of continents, Africa. Jenny Lu Powell, '50

HERE IS YOUR WAR *Ernie Pyle*

*Here Is Your War,* by Ernie Pyle, is a book about life of the common G. I., his hardships, and his fun. The author pictures very vividly the characters in this book about the life of boys like those from our own neighborhood. He even names some of the soldiers in case we may know some.

The author's purpose is to bring the life of the ordinary G. I. home to us so we can picture it as if we were right on the battlefield with him.

The characters are portrayed vividly. Once in Africa, a Frenchman stopped two G. I.'s and asked them if they would guard an ammunition dump for the night. So the G. I.'s said they would. The Frenchman never thought about it till one day about a week later he had to go back to see an officer, and there he saw his two G. I.'s faithfully still guarding the dump. He had to laugh, he thought it comical.

Ernie Pyle's style of writing is very realistic. He describes the G. I.'s and surroundings very vividly. His writing is easy reading, interesting, humorous, and sad in some places.

Dorothy MacPhail, '48

* * *

C/O POSTMASTER

*Cpl. Thomas R. St. George*

Here is the true story of army life in the words of a soldier who lived through it. Cpl. St. George, in a serious yet amusing fashion, reveals all the trials and tribulations of a young recruit in Australia. This is a vivid description of the adjustments our troops underwent after arriving "down under." St. George gives a humorous account of Australian life. The book is packed with ridiculous situations and true experiences.

Ramona Davis, '47

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

*Margaret Buell Wilder*

One of the most poignantly human novels to come out of this war is *Since You Went Away* by Margaret Wilder. It is the story, not of the fighters on the front lines, but of the loved ones left behind to hope, to pray, and to help in every way possible.

Day by day this courageous little family had adventures that absorbed them and helped them keep their sense of proportion in a world turned upside down by war. And Ann, the author of the letters to her husband, wrote it all to Time — for pleasure, for reminding, for comfort, and to prove to both that separation need not destroy the pattern of all their adventures.

Read it, live it, and you will never forget it.

Stanley Saltzman, '48

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THE BLACK ROSE *Thomas B. Costain*

Thomas B. Costain's *The Black Rose* is an exciting historical novel which moves from England after the period of the Crusades to the Orient of Kublai Kahn. The story concerns an English nobleman and his gallant friend, a skilled archer, who fight their way into the heart of the Mongol Empire. The nobleman returns alone to find that he must choose between his double love of an English heiress and an enchanting girl of the East.

Although its narrative is breathless with excitement, it is essentially a love story, and one of great warmth. The characters are so alive and the color of the period is so vividly woven into the background that the reader, having finished the novel, feels that he has lived for many hours in the Middle Ages.

Lillian Paro, '46

## THE GREAT TECHNIQUE

A voice came up behind him with a surprising, "You were wonderful!"

"Where did — how — when?" stammered the tall boy dressed in the brown and orange football uniform.

"Oh, you silly boy, you know you were wonderful. Oh, that pass, that touchdown. Just think, if it weren't for you, we would have lost the game," gushed Dolly, looking up at her hero admiringly.

"But I didn't, I mean, I wasn't —" He gulped as he swallowed the rest of the sentence.

But she interrupted him with a strong sigh and an enthusiastic "Golly, you were simply solid, you just send me — I mean really."

"Yeah, I guess so," he said helplessly.

"Oh, you're not listening. Don't you even care what I have to say?" she pouted, as if he had done something horrible.

"But my bus," he faltered as, over his shoulder, he saw a red and blue bus full of his companion players ride by. "It's gone."

"Aw,who cares about a bus anyway?" she murmured. "My brother will take you home."

"Do you think he'll mind?" he asked, as if he'd just waked up. Then he looked at her. She was cute. Her eyes were blue. Where had he been all the time they were talking?

"Of course he won't mind. Gosh he's super, and he'd just love to take you home." She knew he was looking at her then. She blushed and looked away shyly. Then she came back with a startling "Gee, you look snazzy in your uniform."

"You're pretty swell yourself. Let's go to 'Herks' and have a coke? That is if you want to." He was nervous but direct.

They walked off together. On his face was a look of happiness. On hers was a look of satisfaction. They both had what they wanted.

Francine Provost, '48

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## EXHIBITIONIST

When I was a very little girl, my parents and I spent a part of each summer at a little town on the seashore in Connecticut.

Our house was situated on a road along which most of the inhabitants walked to and from church on Sunday. Most of them walked because in this way it was easier to scrutinize everyone and everything that passed.

On one of the nicest Sundays in the entire summer I was put in a play pen in the front yard. At the ripe old age of three I was considered old enough to be left alone for a short while, provided I was caged in.

A few minutes later my mother looked out of a window which faced the road, but from which my play pen and I were invisible. She was rather surprised to see that almost everyone who passed stopped to stare and laugh at something in front of the house.

With a terrible suspicion in the back of her mind she rushed out of the house to the front yard. The first thing she saw was her favorite child standing in her pen and waving her only garment, a very skimpy sun suit, at the passersby.

I was enjoying all this excitement immensely and thought I had a fine idea. My mother wasn't of the same mind, and I was quickly dragged inside. The day which had begun so gloriously ended very ignominiously.

Barbara McCanna, '48

## A DEPARTURE

(Continued from Page Seven)

"Yes, I believe you'll have a happier and a more contented life than I have had."

As we reached the station dusk was creeping in, drawing a curtain of my happy childhood days, and a new and brighter future was about to begin for me and my family.

Maxine Gaj, '46

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## CAPE COD MOOD

Have you ever been to Cape Cod — away out to the tip end, past the elbow-bend? Did you ever awaken early in the morning to see the misty fog nearly "burned off," but still lying low among the softly rounded hills? Have you seen the pale, almost silvery, disk-like sun, suspended from nowhere in the expansive heaven? Perhaps so, and if you have, you may also have gazed over limitless sand and bayberry bushes, to the jewel-studded ocean. The sun is now bright and brilliant, and striking tiny rivulets on the amazingly calm sea, it causes myriads of tiny, dancing diamonds to appear, as if from out of a wonderland. The air is brisk and saltily crisp; yet, there is no breeze, and the petite little sailboat which yesterday played tag with the heavy, azure surf, is now resting, becalmed, as if weary from its play. The firm, yet resilient, surface of the sand feels refreshingly cool to your bare feet "squdging" down on the yet damp surface. As the flying gulls wing swiftly toward the bluff, so have the hours passed unnoticed; the sun is higher, and the waters have receded. Far out beyond the amberness of the sand bars, we watch a foaming wave, and then another, because some wandering breeze carelessly encroached upon this calm serenity.

Evelyn Peterson, '46

## MAGIC

There is no more fascinating or interesting study than conjuring, or, as it is popularly called, "Magic." It is a great satisfaction to the performer to watch the bewilderment of the audience upon the completion of a particularly mystifying trick. One can get much enjoyment from the inventing and perfecting of new tricks. To become a magician it is necessary for one to devote the necessary amount of time and trouble to developing and studying the deceptions. One of the main items to remember is not to tell the audience before hand what you are going to do. If the people watching your performance know what is coming, they are likely to discover the secret. A magician must learn to divert the crowd's attention. There are several methods of doing this. The first one is to get the crowd considering one hand, while the actual secret of the trick is done by the other. If the conjurer fixes his attention on the left hand, the audience will naturally watch the indicated hand. Another method is by talking. Telling a clever little story will make the audience dismiss any slight movements of the hands. A skilled magician can talk himself out of many difficulties. Practice in magic, as in many other arts, is the great essential to success.

Douglas Shaylor, '46

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## LAKE OF THE WOODS

The branches of the willow bend low over the lake in the wood. Behind the lake rises a small green slope dotted with violets. It is spring. A warm breeze is blowing and the birds are singing. The water of the lake is calm and clear in the warm April sun. A mother duck shyly reveals her nest of yellow gold. All is peaceful at the lake in the woods.

Ronald Balboni, '50

Freshmen

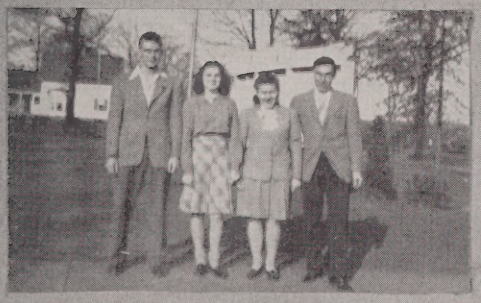
Sophomores

Guess Who?

Jimmy

Tommy

Dignified Juniors



Seniors

Juniors

### THE ARTIST AND HIS STUDIO

When I stepped over the threshold, I knew in a flash this was the studio of an artist. The skylight gave it away, but I could have guessed, by the odd display of paint, brushes, and turpentine containers. In a circle of supplies, the artist sat bent over his painting, dexterously applying those last minute touches which are so necessary to the success of his work.

Since his many months' work was at an end, a smile crinkled on his lips and he looked contented. Rising, he greeted me by saying, "What's your opinion?"

I saw the title of the still life, "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry." It consisted of five objects — a black serving plate with red and yellow poppies, a deep blue and white wine decanter, a glass of sherry wine, a sheet of old music, and a briar pipe. I was very interested in this painting, for it expertly expressed reality and pleasure. I regretted that I was unable to tell him for want of words, what I thought.

I departed, hoping he knew how greatly I admired his work and how I enjoyed watching him. Looking back I saw the artist and his painting framed in array of dancing light from the setting sun, which flowed into the room flooding it with warmth.

Thomas Stapleton, '46

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### WAS I FRIGHTENED?

The door squeaked. Light shone dismally into the room. A dog barked; a child cried. Then a dragon crawled across the floor! A monstrous snake squirmed and showed its fangs. All of a sudden I heard a loud crash. Two barrels were falling directly in the path of a human form. I heard a piercing scream. Then — all was quiet. "Gee, I'm glad we're out of that fun house," I said turning to my sister.

Joanne Beltrandi, '50

### A POSTMAN

His ambition was to be a postman. To him to be a postman was the most wonderful job in the world. Imagine wearing a postman's hat in the winter and one of those wonderful helmets in the summer, and carrying a mailbag! Of course he would read all the postcards, and the addresses on envelopes. Then perhaps he would know why Mrs. Williams received so many letters and Mrs. Carter so few. That question really puzzled him. But the most wonderful part was walking in the rain. Mother wouldn't dare to keep him home on rainy days if he was postman. Yes, he most certainly was going to be a postman.

Barbara McCanna, '48

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### LOVE

It was early spring. She was in the fourth grade and in love. It was a novel experience. You see this was only the second time she had been in love in her whole life. The time in first grade didn't count because then she was only a child. She took a quick glance in his direction, but he was very much absorbed in watching a weather vane on a near-by building. Then it happened! Her very best girl friend came toward her giggling and silently passed her a note in his writing. With trembling hand she opened it and read

"Dearest, I lov you. I hope you lov me to."

She sank silently into her seat with shining eyes. Then she turned it over and saw on the other side, "April Fool." She had forgotten what day it was.

Marjorie Trigger, '48

# SCHOOL LIFE

## PIRATES INVADE AGAWAM

The operetta "Pirates of Penzance" was presented on November 30 by the Agawam High School orchestra and girls' and boys' chorus under the able direction of Miss Ruth Perry.

The cast consisted of:

Jerome Pauze ..... *The Pirate King*
John Porter ..... *Sam, Pirate Apprentice*
Richard Rescia ..... *His Mate*
Richard Franklin
*Frederick, Pirate Apprentice*
Lillian Paro ..... *Ruth, Pirate Nurse*
Jean Wilcoxson ..... *Kate*
Barbara La Violette ..... *Isabelle*
Dolores Rivers ..... *Edith*
Geraldine Hauff ..... *Mabel*
Norman Gauthier ..... *Sergeant of Police*

Also included were the chorus pirates, policemen, and wards of Major-General Stanley.

The operetta was one of the annual productions of the Agawam High Music department. A well co-ordinated chorus and cast plus excellent singing marked the whole performance. Richard Franklin and Jerome Pauze played their parts especially well.

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## MUSIC NOTES

After Christmas an a cappella choir consisting of a small group of the best boy and girl singers will be established.

A coming attraction of the Agawam High School music department to watch for is the annual Maytime Concert which has in store refreshing entertainment for everyone.

## PRO MERITO

The members of the class of '46 who belong to Pro Merito are Louise Arsenault, Robert Backstrom, Marilyn Binns, Phyllis Campbell, Henry Dickinson, Maxine Gaj, Geraldine Hauff, Doris Isham, Ellen Letendre, Dorothy Littlefield, Marjorie Manchester, Lillian Paro, Marie Paro, Jadwiga Roy, Raoul Sands, and Elsie Wood. These students have elected Raoul Sands, president, and Geraldine Hauff, secretary, to serve the club for the year. The club will attend a supper given by Miss Smith, faculty director. At an assembly later in the year, the group will be awarded pins in evidence of the 85% average throughout their four years of high school.

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## JUNIOR RED CROSS WORK

The Junior Red Cross has formed a knitting club which meets once a week. The members are mostly from the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades, although anyone in the seventh grade or Senior High may join. This club will continue throughout the year. Included in the activities were packing 15 boxes for needy children in Europe, and making an afghan. Mr. Harris's classes will aid in making articles for the Red Cross. The Red Cross is still seeking a number of sewn and knitted articles, furniture, games, and art work, such as Christmas decorations, for the army and navy. Miss McCormick is faculty adviser.

## AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT NOTES

The agricultural classes are large this year. New enrollments and the percentage of farm-boys are the highest on record. Our judging teams at Northampton Fair this year placed first in livestock judging, second in vegetable, and third in poultry judging. The list of local applicants for first degree membership in Future Farmers of America is the longest since our chapter was started in 1934.

F.F.A. is a National Organization of high school vocational agricultural boys. Membership may extend three years after graduation. F.F.A. pioneered and now features national contests in judging and in public speaking. Such activities start in the local chapters and elevate through a state and regional circuit to a national plane. F.F.A. enjoyed a fine record of war service. Scores of our members in the service have written of the pleasant association they had with other members from all parts of our country. Our F.F.A. officers for the ensuing year are president, Sumner Schwartz, II; vice-president, Donald Taylor; secretary, Jackson Blodgett; treasurer, Walter Campbell; reporter, Charles Campbell; and adviser, Mr. Moseley. An eight-point program for this year's work has been proposed:

1. To uphold the good name of our school, and to accept the responsibilities and opportunities offered.
2. To develop competent, aggressive rural and agricultural leadership.
3. To create and nurture a love of Country Life.
4. To strengthen the confidence of farm boys in themselves and in their work.
5. To encourage intelligent choice of farm occupations.

(Continued on Page Twenty-Seven)

## SENIOR SESSION

The Senior Class officers for the year are as follows: Robert Backstrom, president; Ellen Letendre, vice-president; Raoul Sands, treasurer; Marie Paro, secretary.

The Kid Party which was held December 19 proved to be one of the most amusing and entertaining parties that the Senior class has ever had. The student body is grateful to Miss Ward the faculty adviser and also to the following students who have served on the committees: James Fenn, general chairman, Joseph Tangocci, Maxine Gaj, Phyllis Campbell, Geraldine Hauff, and Stewart Safford.

Helen Jasmanicki has an honest-to-goodness bear that drinks liquids out of bottles and is not too particular about what he eats.

Every student is envious of Walter Haggerty's interesting experience. He has seen some of the most outstanding shows, some of which are "Up in Central Park," "Song of Norway," and "The Glass Menagerie" which is considered to be the outstanding dramatic play on Broadway. He has seen Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, and other celebrities. Notre Dame-Army football game was also on his schedule.

Kenneth Langdon has finally displayed his unexpected ability in singing at the Sadie Hawkins Dance.

One of our more professional singers, Gladys Johnson has also appeared on a local radio station. She sang with Ted Lockwood's orchestra.

Carol Knight and Patricia Bodurtha saw the Holy Cross-Coast Guard football game in Worcester. They thought this game was almost as interesting as those played by our Brownies.

Bernard Keeley, one of our fellow students, is having an interesting life in the Navy.

## JUNIOR JOTTINGS

The Junior Class officers are president, Duane Patch; vice-president, Alice Waskiel; secretary, Catherine Manos; and treasurer, Robert Stephens.

The Junior Class colors are green and white. The banner has a green background with white letters. It was made by Mrs. Rescia of North Agawam.

The members of the Junior Class on the Student Council are Irene Casarandi, Lucille Johnson, Billy Brackineski, Eleanor Mandirol, Lawrence Kwiatkowski, Catherine Manos, Duane Patch, Jack McQuesten, and Bill Washburn.

Ramona Davis has an interesting as well as profitable hobby. She contributes to the Junior Daily News, a weekly feature of the *Daily News*. In the last few years she has won over twenty-five prizes for her drawings, poems, and essays.

Jeanne Provost has spent eight years on her hobby, tap dancing.

Another form of dancing, jitter bugging, is the hobby of Ann Aloisi and Constance Burt.

Marjorie Harrison's vocation is making plastic bracelets. They are very attractive and we often see her wearing them.

Roller skating is the hobby of many Junior girls, including Jacqueline Fraser, Mary Biergel, and Rita Dumond, who also plays the accordion.

Another musician is Helen Hastings who plays the cornet.

Shirley Daigneault collects photographs of her friends. She has over 150 of them.

Viola Blair, another picture collector, makes scrapbooks.

Maybeth Coughlin and Barbara DeForge collect trinkets from places they visit.

Jack McQuesten and Alfred St. John are air-minded. Alfred makes model planes and Jack takes flying lessons.

## ASSEMBLIES IN REVIEW

On September 28th an assembly was held for the purpose of choosing cheer leaders. Three groups, calling themselves the "Mawaga Tribe," the "Jolly Jesters," and the "Pepperettes," competed. The group called the "Pepperettes," which consisted of Geraldine Hauff, Marjorie Pearsall, Doris Curran, Marion Mandirol, Gloria Poggi, and Gladys Johnson, was chosen to lead our cheering section this year.

During the same assembly Marilyn Binns awarded Room 25, represented by Ellen Letendre, the honor banner for the highest percentage of any room in the sale of Student Activity Tickets.

In October, Mr. J. Vinayak Bhambal gave a humorous and informal talk, illustrated with slides about India and what people of India think of United States.

On November 2nd an assembly was devoted to a rally for the West Springfield game. Our superintendent, Mr. Phelps, spoke to us, stressing the large part football had played in his life. The program was concluded with cheers and songs led by the cheer leaders.

The Armistice Day assembly was held November 9th, with Mr. Arnold Estelle, legionnaire from West Springfield, as guest speaker. In his very interesting speech he emphasized the importance of a good education and commonsense.

November 16th, Mr. Hazen Carty, automobile inspector, spoke on "Safety First," and illustrated his talk with a movie.

## AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued from Page Twenty-Six)

6. To encourage members in farm-home-improvement.
7. To participate in worthy undertakings for improvement in agriculture.
8. To develop character, train for useful citizenship, and foster patriotism.

## THE GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

The Guidance Department has recently been established under the direction of Mr. Harris. The office is well equipped with pamphlets, articles, and folders which are available to the student to help him decide his future both in high school and later life.

The present plan is to have on file a folder for every student who enters high school keeping records not only of his scholastic achievements but also his extra-curricular activities. Last year the department aided many eighth graders in choosing the course most suitable for them by means of intelligence and achievement tests. The Guidance Department continues to aid the student throughout his high school career and at the time of graduation has on hand all types of information concerning occupations, colleges, and scholarships available to high school graduates.

This department is vitally interested in all student problems and Mr. Harris extends a cordial welcome to all.

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## GASLIGHT GAIETIES

On December 7 the Junior Class presented the "Gaslight Gaieties," a cabaret long to be remembered. The committees contributing to its huge success were headed by Jack McQuesten, general manager; Lawrence Kwiatkowski, publicity; Jeannette Harpin, tickets; Nola Wyant, entertainment; Rose Gibbs, orchestra; Bud Johnson, decorations; and Anna Norman, refreshments. All who attended enjoyed the smooth music of Ed Kennedy's orchestra. Refreshments were served in the hall by the singing waiters: John Porter, Dick Franklin, Jerome Pauze, and Alfred St. John.

## SOPHOMORE SCOOPS

This year the Sophomore Class has elected the following officers: Class president, Roger Heywood; vice-president, Arden Tinti; secretary, Jean Fusini; treasurer, John Cassidy.

The Student Council members, elected by the Sophomore rooms, are as follows: Room No. 13, John Cassidy; Room No. 19, Russell Demarais; and Room No. 22, Paul Norman.

The Sophomore Class is happy to welcome six new members this year. They are Barbara McCanna from California; Edward Hayden from West Springfield; Joanne Lawrence from Tennessee; Priscilla Orr from Longmeadow; Maria Spagnola from Springfield; and Barbara Gramkow from Ohio.

George Craigie is the outdoor man. He likes to go camping and enjoys trapping and hunting. This fall he caught a possum, as well as rabbits and skunks in his traps.

Betty Davis enjoys dancing, reading, playing the piano, and ice skating, also. Betty knows some good boogy woogy steps.

Don Rhodes' hobby is collecting and creating cartoons. He has a scrapbook of them and puts them on greeting cards.

Joan Kane likes to ice skate. She likes fancy skating best. Joan is also learning to roller skate.

John Cassidy is interested in farming. He owns a few cows as well as other livestock on his father's farm.

Charles Hare likes to make model airplanes. He has made a racer and has just completed a large airplane, "The Gull Hawk," a gasoline engine plane.

John Williams has fun making and flying airplanes. He has made many models and has learned much in the field of aeronautics.

## FRESHMAN FLASHES

This year the freshman class has elected the following officers: President, Raymond Davis; vice-president, Dorothy Deloghia; secretary, Dorothy Cartello; treasurer, Leon Letendre.

The various freshman home rooms chose Thomas Knight, Alice Craigie, and William Balboni to be their representatives in the Student Council.

Hobbies have proven to be an extremely popular diversion among many of the freshmen, for Martial Keyes is an ardent stamp collector and possesses many unusual stamps. Alice Craigie has a goodly collection of coins, some from far-off foreign countries. Another fascinating pastime is John Hammond's button collection, a few of which date back as far as the Civil War. Irene O'Connor has a collection, but of a different type from the others. Irene has over one hundred pen pals whom she writes to, representing much of the United States and distant Hawaii too.

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## THE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

This year, with the elections of Maxine Gaj as president; Jeannette Harpin, secretary; and Joseph Tangocci as treasurer, the International Relations Club got off to a good start. A program of interesting discussions for the year is usually led by a guest speaker. At these discussions, the members participate enthusiastically. So far, special meetings have been arranged with guest speakers, Sgt. Norman Wood and Capt. Gordon Wallace of this school. The club hopes to secure other graduates of Agawam High who are on leave or have been discharged from the service. The members are also waiting with enthusiasm the meetings in which foreign students will speak.

Topping off this excellent program will be a party at the end of the year.

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## JUNIOR HIGH NEWS

The cheerleaders for the seventh grade rooms are, for Room 11 Barbara Beaulieu, Pauline Dickinson, Christine DeLullo, Joan Mercadante, Jeanette Moccio, Winifred Lachapelle. For Room 10: Peggy Bodurtha, Maryrose Losito, Theresa Antico, June Carlson. For Room 8: Esther DePalo, Jacquelyn Sleeper, Anita Penna, Aida Pisano, Jeannette Boissneault, Marcella Parent. For Room 7: Beverly Caron, Irene Starzic, Beverly Baader, Theresa Lucia. The cheerleaders were chosen by ballot.

In the seventh grade sewing classes the girls are making towels. Later on in the year they will make aprons. The towels and aprons will be used for their cooking classes when they are in eighth grade.

The pupils who won prizes on their posters at the Agawam Fair are Christine DeLullo, who won $3.00; John Lunesek won second prize of two; and Mabel MacLean won third prize of one.

Yvonne Cote, who is in Room 7, won first prize on an embroidered pillow case, at the Agawam Fair. The pillow case was made at Mrs. Powell's 4-H Club.

Richard Bontempo, who is in Room 8, won a special prize at the Agawam Fair. Richard displayed insignia of the Army and Navy. He had 25 of them.

In the eighth grade, Room 1 has elected class officers. They are:

President ..... Joanne Beltrandi
Vice-President ..... Kathryn Monahan
Secretary ..... Sally Lindblad
Treasurer ..... Nancy Pond

First planning committee was, Ronald Balboni, Gloria Halchek, and Robert Hynes.

## STUDENT COUNCIL

The Agawam Student Council has organized and elected the following officers for the year: James Fenn, president; Catherine Manos, vice-president; Evelyn Peterson, secretary; and Jack McQuesten, treasurer. The group has discontinued the practice of giving out warning slips because this was found to be unsatisfactory. Instead, the manner in which a misdemeanor is treated will depend largely on the attitude a pupil takes. The Council hopes to get new dancing records for the school. Later in the year, the club will sponsor a dance.

## AGAWAM MASQUE

The Agawam Masque elected the following officers for the year: President, Rose Gibbs; vice-president, Irene Casagrandi; secretary, Eleanor Mandirol; and treasurer, Walter Haggerty. A committee of seniors under Gerry Hauff had charge of the initiation program. The club, with Miss Moriarty, faculty adviser, are putting on the annual Christmas play. Future plans of the club include the presentation of more plays.

## ASSEMBLY PREVIEW

A program of very interesting assemblies has been planned for the rest of the year. Of interest to everyone will be the special assemblies held on each Friday when report cards are distributed, at which time the Honor Roll will be announced. As well as a program by school groups, there will be several noted guest speakers. A few of these are Mr. Nathan Howard Gist, Dr. Bruno Furst, Mr. Russell Curry, a dancer; Mr. Paul T. K. Lin, who will give us some inside information on China, and Miss Christyne Coleman, who will present dramatic selections.

## PERSONALITY CLUB

The officers of Personality Club are Jean Wilcoxson, president; Rita Dumond, vice-president; Catherine Manos, secretary; and Evelyn Peterson, treasurer. Meetings have included interesting discussions and speakers. Since the annual Sadie Hawkins Dance was such a huge success, another dance will be held in the spring.

## TRI-HI

The officers of the Tri-Hi this year are Bettye Wright, president; Jean Wilcoxson, vice-president; Geraldine Hauff, secretary; and Gloria Poggi, treasurer. Under their leadership and with the help of Miss Miller, faculty adviser, the many social functions, including a Mock Prom, the annual fall dance, and a Christmas Party, combined with a covered dish supper, have been very successful. The programs of the Thursday afternoon meetings have consisted of speakers, movies, and trips to the West Springfield "Y" for bowling and swimming.

## SHOP NEWS

The boys in shop are working both on individual projects and some group projects for the school.

In the group projects the boys made several new benches and tables for the lunchroom. Several boys in the fourth period shop class built a back stop for our new baseball field. Those who assisted greatly on this project were: Edward Borgatti, Louis Gonet, Ralph Giordano, George St. John, and Walter Campbell. This project was completed last spring.

Jack McQuesten did a fine job in painting new yard markers for our football field.

# ALUMNI

## CLASS OF 1945

Shirlee Balboni — Third National Bank
Meredythe Barker — Vermont Junior College
Richard Bennett — U. S. Army
William Berard — Thom McAn's Shoe Store
Dolores Borgatti — Hathaway Bakery
Vally Buiso — Wico Electric, in the office
Beulah Campbell — Royce Superior Laundry
George Casiello — Westinghouse Electric Supplies
George Chmael — Farm Work
Eleanor Cirillo — McClellan's, as a clerk
Virginia Clarke — Dental Assistant to Dr. Cohen
David Cornfoot — U. S. Coast Guard Prep School
Fern Dearnley — Secretary, Conn. General Life Insurance Co.
Jean Demarais — General Life Insurance Co.
Rose DiLiddo — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Josephine DiLullo — Mass. Mutual Insurance Co.
Mary-Jane Earle — Baldwin & Wallace College in Ohio
Francis Ehrhardt — U. S. Merchant Marine
Eleanore Ezekiel — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Clayton Fuller — U. S. Navy
Rita Gallagher — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co. — engaged to Leslie Moore
Edward Gallerani — Mass. College of Pharmacy in Boston
Doris Govoni — Agawam Chemicals Inc.
Jane Gravel — Boston University
Nancy Hamilton — Third National Bank
Mary Hanrahan — Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Louise Harrison — Fire & Marine Insurance Co.
Thelma Harrison — Monarch Life Insurance Co.
Ronald Heywood — U. S. Navy
William Hoisington — Waiting to go into the service
Paul Holmes — Holmes' Service Station
Roger Hynes — U. S. Navy
Lillian Itzkowitz — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Jarl Johnson — American International College
Frank Jones — U. S. Navy
John Keane — U. S. Army
Ronald Kwiatkowski — U. S. Army
Amy Lango — WMAS as a typist
Edward Letendre — U. S. Army
Beverly Longey—Carlisle Hardware Store in the Office
Doris Losito — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Carlo Lovotti — U. S. Army
Anita Lucia — At Home
Beverly Lunden — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Vera MacCave — Hairdressing School
Mary McQuesten — Cadet Nurse Corp
Betty Magiera — At Home
Nancy Martin — Forbes & Wallace, as a clerk
Bruno Maule — U. S. Navy

Jean Molinder — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Norma Joy Montagna — N. E. Telephone & Telegraph Company

Richard Napolitan — Waiting to go into the service

Donald Neill — American International College

Constance Pariseau — U. S. Envelope Company

Venetia Penna — N. E. Telephone & Telegraph Company

Barbara Peters — Vernon Surgical Shop

Vesta Porter — Framingham Normal School

Thelma Raison — Eastern States' Farmers Exchange

Thomas Rice — U. S. Navy

Shirley Rivard — Van Norman

Sophie Roy — Typist at Westover Field

June Schwartz — Hairdressing School

Robert Southworth — Westinghouse Electric Service

Henry Stepanik — Farm Work

Florida Tangocci — Albert Steiger's, as a clerk

Lawrence Tetreault — U. S. Navy

Douglas Trevallion — U. S. Coast Guard —Doug plays in the Coast Guard Band

James Turner — U. S. Navy

John Turner — Western Auto Supply

Jean Waniewski — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Robert Washburn — U. S. Air Corp

Alice Whitehead — Clerk

Audrey Willard — Pond-Ekberg Printing Co., in the office

Lois Wills — R. H. Kellogg Company in the office

Julia Woishnis — N. E. Telephone & Telegraph Company

## NEW PUBLIC ADDITIONS TO AGAWAM

During recent years there have been many worthwhile additions to Agawam. One of these is the new town-hall, built in 1942. This modern building has offices for all town officials, including the police department. Each is equipped with modern devices of many kinds. This building is far superior to the old offices at the high school. It is considered as one of the best town buildings in the vicinity, and the people of Agawam should be proud of it.

* * *

In 1944 a new football field and baseball diamond was constructed behind the center school. The football field is much larger and has a larger seating capacity than the old one behind the high school. It is said to be able to handle a crowd of 2,000 spectators. It also has a large parking lot which the former one lacked. The baseball diamond is something new. The town of Agawam has never possessed one before, but in former years the baseball team used the field at Robinson State Park. Now Agawam does not have to be ashamed to invite other teams to the athletic field to play football and baseball.

* * *

This summer, work was begun on the new bridge across the river from Main Street, Agawam, to Memorial Avenue, West Springfield. It is assumed to be completed by the fall of 1946. In the past years there has been a need for a new bridge here because the old one is almost unsafe to cross.

* * *

These recent improvements help to make Agawam outstanding.

Robert Webler, '48

## OUR MOST LOYAL ROOTER

There are many people from Agawam who follow the football team faithfully all season whenever conditions permit, but no one is a more loyal or enthusiastic supporter than our superintendent, Mr. Benjamin Phelps.

Being lucky enough to have an interview with him, I found out that his interest in football began in his own high school days. Mr. Phelps played only two years in high school, since there was no team in his junior and senior years. Going on with his education, he played on the Suffield Academy teams of 1895 and 1896. In 1901, as a senior at Yale, he was a substitute tackle on the varsity squad. Because of the excessive amount of material in those days, a sub was regarded on an almost even par with the man he was supposed to replace. It is easy to see that despite the tough competition, "Judah" as he was nicknamed in college did all right for himself. One of his greatest friends in college and an object of his admiration was "Mike" Murphy, the famous Yale trainer. Our superintendent had the great honor of sitting at the right of "Mike" at the varsity training table.

Continuing his interest in football, Mr. Phelps coached teams at Pennington Seminary, North Plainfield, and High Bridge

(Continued on Page Thirty-Four)

## THE NEW MEMORIAL FIELD

For twenty-three years the people of Agawam have waited for an improved combination baseball and football field. They finally have it, and it's one of the best in Western Massachusetts.

In the summer of 1944 the eight acres adjacent to the Center School were leveled off and rolled. When the baseball diamond was made, the field began to take the appearance of a stadium. It looked even better after the erection of the fence.

The field was then measured, squared, and lined to make it a regulation size gridiron. On either side of the playing area are bleachers that accommodate 2500 to 3000 persons.

The parking area, which is 200 feet by 400 feet, will accommodate 250 to 300 cars that are parked methodically. This car lot is off School Street.

On October 6, 1945 the football field was used for the first time when Trade School clashed with Agawam, with a 61-0 score for the Brownies.

At the game with West Springfield on November 3, the new memorial field was dedicated in commemoration of the boys of Agawam who have given the supreme sacrifice. Mr. Clifford M. Granger, chairman of the Agawam School Board, helped in making it an impressive ceremony when

(Continued on Page Thirty-Four)

## OUR MOST LOYAL ROOTER

(Continued from Page Thirty-Three

which are all in New Jersey. It is related that his teams had great spirit, and he usually produced a winner. Mr. Phelps, himself, tells of one instance at North Plainfield High School. "I had only ten candidates out for football and was about to give up in distress, when those ten boys did something that proved they had ultimate faith in themselves and their coach. They proceeded to get three younger boys to play and went on to complete their season undefeated!" In 1924 Mr. Phelps took a course in football under one of the greatest coaches that ever lived, Knute Rockne.

One of his greatest thrills came when he was allowed to sit on the bench at an Army vs. Navy game. It was at this very game that Theodore Roosevelt came walking up the field right past the players' bench on which Mr. Phelps was seated.

In Mr. Phelps' opinion, the greatest football player is Frank Hinkey, who played for Yale in 1894. He states that he considers Knute Rockne as the greatest coach.

We can't help noticing Mr. Phelps' regular attendance at every game and scrimmage, and perhaps many of us have wondered where he acquired his deep and sincere interest in the sport. Perhaps this minute biography of his football career will help us to answer this question. We all are proud that Mr. Phelps, our own superintendent, has found and is still finding so much satisfaction, enjoyment, and pride out of football.

— Tom Aitchison, '46

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The shop classes plan to assist the Red Cross as they have in past years. At present they are just finishing two ping-pong tables for use in hospital camps.

## BASKETBALL

As the football season is coming to a successful and glorious ending, all eyes turn towards the basketball days. At this time it looks as though the team will be able to go through the following schedule in true Agawam fashion.

Dec. 11 — at Palmer
Dec. 14 — at Suffield
Dec. 18 — Westfield — home
Jan. 10 — Suffield — home
Jan. 11 — at Enfield
Jan. 15 — Ludlow — home
Jan. 18 — Easthampton — home
Jan. 22 — at West Springfield
Jan. 25 — Palmer — home
Jan. 29 — open
Feb. 1 — open
Feb. 5 — Enfield — home
Feb. 8 — at Ludlow
Feb. 12 — at Easthampton
Feb. 15 — West Springfield — home
Feb. 19 — at Westfield

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## THE NEW MEMORIAL FIELD

(Continued from Page Thirty-Three

he gave a short talk about these boys. While taps were being sounded by members of the Agawam Post, American Legion, the crowd of fans, numbering around 3500, stood in silence for thirty seconds.

The new scoreboard which is a gift of the Lions Club of Agawam is now in operation and is much appreciated by the fans in following the games.

This excellent field stands not only as a memorial to the Agawam heroes of this war but also as the pride of sports lovers both young and old, and as a symbol of Agawam's esteem of its athletes.

Stewart Safford, '46

## FOOTBALL EQUIPMENT

The equipment which the football players of the present day wear is a far cry from that of the early or pioneer players.

In the early days of football, the equipment was as follows:

Each player wore a jacket which laced all the way up the front, a pair of canvas pants, and a pair of shoes. The latter were usually a pair of farm shoes with leather cleats nailed on.

The well-dressed football player of today wears the following:

A helmet, a pair of shoulder pads, blocking pads, hip pads, stretchable pants with a shell in the front of each leg, and a pair of regulation shoes.

The helmet protects the sides, back and top of the head. The shoulder pads cover shoulders, top of back, and the top of chest while the blocking pads cover the ribs. The hip pads, one of the most important pieces of equipment, protect hips and the lower part of spine. The shells in the pants protect the upper front of legs while the padding in the pants covers the knees. Many other added protections are also used. They are noseguards, eye glass guards, teeth protectors or mouthpiece, elbow pads and braces, sponge rubber pads for rib and hip injuries, knee braces and pads, shin pads, and ankle braces.

Of course there is no getting away from the fact that the player of today is very much more protected than the earlier players, but it must also be taken into consideration that the more protection the players have, the harder they hit each other.

Tom Aitchison, '46

## JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS PROGRAM

The Junior High School is fortunate in that it enjoys an organized sports program which is carried out during the noon recess period. The program is based on three competitive sports — touch football in the fall, basketball in the winter, and softball in the spring. Each seventh and eighth grade room is represented in these contests by a team of boys. After the schedule is completed, the two leading teams in each grade participate in a two out of three championship series. The winning room is then presented with a silver loving cup emblematic of the championship.

At the present time, Rooms 3 and 4 are leading the eighth grade, while Rooms 10 and 11 are on top for the seventh grade in the exciting race for the football championship.

The main purpose of this program is to promote competition and skill in athletic contests. Teaching the students the traits of good sportsmanship and the sense of fair play is the goal of this program.

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## TRACK

This spring, as in the preceding years, the track team will go into action. The sport might be called the "bodybuilder" of all sports. Each event calls for a great amount of either skill or stamina. Any boy who is at all talented in any of the following events would find it well worth his time to answer the call for track candidates: 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, 1-mile run, hurdle race, relay race, shot put throw, discus throw, javelin throw, high jump, broad jump, and pole vault.

## GIRLS' SPORTS

### Field Hockey

The field hockey season opened in September with a fine turnout of Senior High girls. The following are the number of girls for each class:

40 freshmen
22 sophomores
29 juniors
19 seniors

The first game of the season was played on October 22. The seniors scored one goal to win over the juniors.

The second game was between the freshmen and sophomores. The sophomores won by a score of 4-0.

The championship game in field hockey was played on October 29. The seniors beat the sophomores, 2-0. The seniors will receive their numerals for field hockey.

### The Sports Party

The Sports Party was held on October 31 in the girls' gym. Its purpose was to acquaint the girls with their new service captains and with the girls on their teams.

The service captains elected by the girls taking sports are as follows:

Navy — Marion Mandirol
Army — Ann Keeley
Marines — Geraldine Hauff

The party was concluded with dancing and refreshments.

Claire Shaylor, '47

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## BASKETBALL TEAM

This year the team seems to be full of talent. The following lettermen will be here to offer their services again this year: Ed Borgatti, Stu Safford, Bob Backstrom, Jim Fenn, Bud Johnson, Cliff Kibbe, Ed Green, Dick Lariviere, and Doug Kerr.

## MASSACHUSETTS GIRLS' STATE

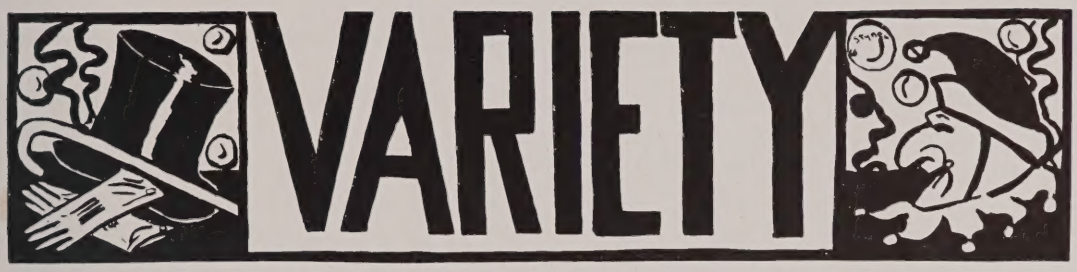
This summer I was very fortunate to attend the first Massachusetts Girls' State which is sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary. This Girls' State is run as if it were the mythical 49th state, having officers elected from the governor of the state to the chief of police of the various towns. If elected, we were to have a certain number of girls sign our nomination papers, which were to be filed.

The state was divided into cities, towns, and counties. Towns were named after generals, and counties after famous presidents. After arriving at Bridgewater, where Girls' State was held this year, we were assigned to our own cities or towns and counties. I was in the Town of King, and we had town meetings where we drew up warrants, conducting ourselves as if we were at real town meetings.

In assemblies many well-known people spoke to us. One person we especially enjoyed was Congresswoman from Massachusetts Edith Nourse Rogers who spoke to us on our duties and privileges as American citizens. Mrs. Rogers introduced to Congress the W.A.C. bill which has been very successful. Mr. Marsh, president of Boston University, spoke to us among a number of other famous people. Governor Tobin was scheduled to come, but as he was away, he was unable to attend.

In short, the purpose of Massachusetts Girls' State was to educate the American youth of the duties, rights, and responsibilities of American citizenship. We learned of our democratic form of government through actual participation. This type of program should be conducted throughout all the schools in the United States, as we learned many things that all boys and girls should know and be aware of.

Phyllis Campbell, '46




## POETIC ATTEMPT

Never have I spent a time,
With paper, pen, and words;
I want to write a little rhyme
But as yet the poem's unheard.

The words I find to use, it seems,
They simply won't obey.
They always spoil the rhyme or scheme
In some disgusting way.

The verses all have left my head;
The thoughts they're just not there.
Sonnets, lyrics, and all, I've read
And still I tear my hair.

So this is what I give to you —
A simple little ditty.
I know it makes you very blue,
But have a little pity.

James Fenn, '46

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## ODE TO A GNIP-GNOP LLAB

Oh, elusive gnip-gnop llab
Who, when I miss, hits the wall
Who in flight I so often ssim
Only to have you bounce back "agin."

My patience is ended, you make me sore
Then the ether you'll soar no more
In fact, your speed will be much slower
Now I crush this to the floor.

Now my ego will always soar
Elusive gnip-gnop llab on the floor.

Donald Leger, '46

## LIMERICKS

There once was a fly named Dick
And on the poor housewife he would pick.
He'd land on her food
He'd land on her snood
And ne'er to the flypaper would he stick.

There once was a wee little bug
Who made his home in a rug
He got kicked around
And finally found
It would be safer to live in a jug:

While cleaning his rifle one night
Old Moe shot out the light
He tripped on a wire
And fell in the fire
And finally he died of fright.

There once was a lad named Jim
Who studied on how to be slim
He took many pills
And ran up high hills
And now you can hardly see him.

There once was an inventor named Merk
Whose contraptions never did work
His food was scanty
He lived in a shanty
And the wolf at his door did lurk.

There once was a girl named Sue
She never knew what to do
She wasted her time
Spent every dime
And now she feels very blue.

At football our team is superior
They made West Side look very inferior
It should have been done
They couldn't have won
Even though they had played in Algeria.

There once was a girl from the Plains
Whose parents had plenty of pains.
She always had dates
Who kept her out late
So her Pa bought a pair of Great Danes.

There was a young fellow in school
Whom some folks felt was a fool.
He studied the math
That was put in his path
"'Cause," he said, "Math's a wonderful tool."

A mischievous girl named Kate
Went out on her first blind date.
She looked at her man
Who had a perfect dead pan
And said, "It must have been something he ate."

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## MAGAZINE STORY

When you reach the age of *Seventeen, Your Life* begins for you. That is when you begin to *Look* out for *Charm* and *Glamour* and you try to improve *Your Personality.* You begin to *See* that you'll never be able to write a *Love Story* of *Your Life* unless you take the *Time* and the *Opportunity* to be a perfect *Mademoiselle.* You begin to take pride in your *House and Garden.* You realize that high *Scholastic* averages play an important part of *Your Future.* You no longer *Tune In* to *Weird Tales* everyday as there is a *Variety* of *Radio News* and *United States News* that tell you that this is a *Free World* in which it is your duty to preserve *Life, Liberty* and the pursuit of happinass for *America.*

## FAVORITE SONGS, SINGERS, AND BANDS

Marie Paro — "You Belong to My Heart"
Bing Crosby
Woody Herman
Bob Backstrom — "Temptation"
Perry Como
Charlie Barnett
Ellen Letendre — "Stardust"
Perry Como
Sammy Kaye
Duane Patch — "I Dream of You"
Bing Crosby
Tommy Tucker
Catherine Manos — "It Might As Well Be Spring"
Dick Haymes
Tommy Dorsey
Arden Tinti — "You Came Along"
Vaughn Monroe
Harry James
Dorothy Deloghia — "Till the End of Time"
Bing Crosby
Guy Lombardo
Leon Letendre — "Dream"
Perry Como
Harry James
Roger Heywood — "Temptation"
Bing Crosby
Benny Goodman

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## SPOONERISM SPORTS REPORT

### The Sest-Wide — Mawaga Game

Once aton a pime in the tovely loun of Agawam, the hit-harding, plean claying "Agownies" of Brawam, played the "Test-Wide Serriers" in a grilling thame of boot-fall. While the Wamaga chans feered thand a Wide-Westers sept, the fowerpull Agaven elewam tored scen dutchtowns to their nival's run. Chee threers for Agawam!

AGAWAM
AGGIE
1946
AHS
AGAWAM
VS.
WEST SIDE
65
FRANK
MAC '47

## PET-PEEVES

Bettye Wright — People who talk in the movies!

Walter Drewnowski — Girls who wear too much lipstick!

Rose Gibbs — Boys who always trip girls!

Joan Lawrence — Whistling!

Edward Lancour — Homework!

Gloria Gould — Sloppy dressed boys!

Ann Keeley — Buying six bowls of soup and finally eating one *myself* at noon!

Thomas Aitchison — Girls combing their hair in the classroom!

Mary Liquori — The conceited boys of Agawam!

Theresa Matton — Back seat drivers!

Doris Curran — People who scuff their feet!

Charles Bailey — Gabby girls in Office Practice!

Coralie Malley — People who disturb you when you're trying to study!

Gordon Clarke — Girls who can't keep quiet about their dates!

Carol Knight — Slapping on the back!

Miss Currier — Gum-chewing!

Dolores Rivers — People who break their promises!

Marilyn Binns — Self-sympathetic people!

Dorothy Littlefield — Gum-snappers!

Gloria Godin — People who interrupt while she is talking!

Jadwiga Roy — The popular expression "natch"!

Gloria Poggi — Soup-gurglers!

Regina Saltzman — Boys who wear overalls to school!

John Brusseau — School!

Miss Belyea — Pupils who copy and cheat in classes!

Charles Gonet — Bangle bracelets that jingle, jangle, jingle!

Miss Ward — Pupils talking behind her back while she is writing on the board!

George Draghetti — Women drivers who insist on driving with the emergency brake on!

Richard Franklin — Consumer Science!

Duane Patch — Freckle-faced blondes!

Marjorie Pearsall — Conceited red-heads!

Lieut. Wessman — Majors!

Robert Backstrom —

My pet peeve
I believe —
Is saucy girls
Who don't comb their curls!

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## MORE HOMEWORK

English, Latin, Hist'ry too;
So much work for me to do!
Head begins to swing and sway
And *not* with tunes by Sammy Kaye.

English done; there's Latin next.
Cursing, I pick up my text.
Throw my book upon the ground,
How my head is spinning 'round.

Got my Latin done at length.
Hist'ry next; Lord, give me strength!
How do teachers manage to
Find the work we have to do?

Finally I crawl to bed,
Dates'n stuff crammed in my head.
Homework through, my work is done;
'Till the rising of the sun.

Norma Wylie, '48

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There was a young boy named "Denny"
From the street he picked up a penny
He bought some candy
Which tasted just dandy
Now he wishes he never had any.

COME SOON, TOMORROW *Gladys Swarthout*

*Come Soon, Tomorrow*, by Gladys Swarthout, is a book about a young singer, her struggling experiences, and her wonderful ambitions which finally came true. She had wanted to be an opera singer as long as she could remember but never dreamed that someday her wish would come true.

The author's purpose is to illustrate that everyone who wants to can become something great, if he has his heart and soul in it.

The characters in this story are true-to-life people of today, their love and hope and faith portrayed as in the average American family.

The book is inspiring to everyone, especially those who are fond of music. They realize that their realization may yet come true.

The style of the book is simple and easily read. It has many heartwarming experiences in it which make it more interesting.

I think that anyone who wishes to become a great singer some day, or any other person, would profit greatly by reading this autobiography.

Barbara Mutti, '48

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*Robinson Crusoe U. S. N.* is the story of George R. Tweed who for two years lived on the Japanese-held island of Guam. It shows how loyal the natives of the island were to the Americans and how willing they were to take the punishment dealt out by the Japanese government. These natives gave food from their meager rations to feed Tweed and two of his friends, whom the natives had hidden from the Japanese. This book is one of the best of the war stories I have read and anyone interested in world affairs and the way the Japanese treated people on captured islands will enjoy this book.

Joyce Scoville, '48

* * *

## THE ENDING OF DAY

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Audrey Bowe, '50

## LOVE SONG

I love each smiling flower;
I love each bubbling brook;
I love the sky at sunset;
I love each grassy nook —
The little wooden churches,
The summer sky so blue —
I love each stony pathway
In the early morning dew.

I love the summer evenings —
The football games in fall;
I love the winter snowstorms
And sleighrides best of all.
I love the hope and beauty
That the coming season brings,
For Christmas scenes in Agawam
Are truly lovely things!

Ramona Davis, '47

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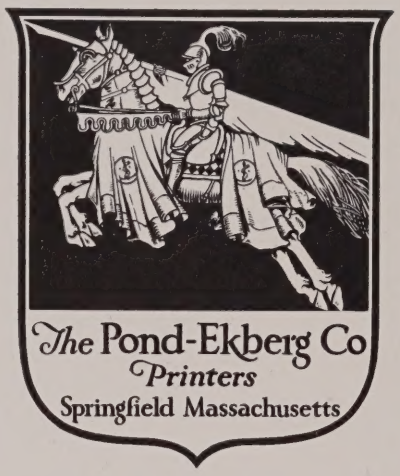


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